

The Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1871.

VOL. 17.—NO. 37.

Select Poetry.

THE MUSIC OF THE SEA.

The gray, unsetting sea,
Adown the bright and melting shore,
Breaking in untold memory,
Makes music evermore.
Like as in cloistered piles,
Rich bursts of massive sounds upwell;
Ringing along dim-lighted aisles,
With a spirit-transcending swell.
So on the surf-white strand,
Chains of deep peal the sea-waves raise,
Like voices from a visioned land,
Hymning a hymn of praise.
By times in thunder tones,
The bounding billows shoreward surge;
By times a silver laugh it doats;
By times a low, soft dirge.
Men change, and "come to be,"
And Empires rise, and grow, and fall;
But the world music of the sea
Lives and outlives them all.
The mystic song shall last
Till time itself no more shall be;
Till seas and shores have passed
Lost in eternity.

WHAT CAME IN THE STORM.

"Mother dear, I cannot leave you. Let me unplug my trunk and remain at home. I can find something to do here."
"You had better go, Ellen." The mother spoke these words in a low tone, and with her face turned away from her child; and it was plain to be seen she had been speaking as she had schooled herself to speak—not from the impulses of the heart, but from the dictates of necessity.

Mary Anderson was a middle-aged woman, slight of frame; from whose pale, careworn face the traces of rare beauty were not yet obliterated. Her daughter resembled her, not only in form and feature, but also in the expression of care and toil which cast its shadows over her face. They lived alone in the humble cot, just out from the village, and for years their daily bread had been earned by constant labor. Ellen had learned to work when a mere prattling child, and as she grew older her busy hands found employment in many useful ways. And now, at the age of fifteen, she had made arrangements to go away from home and work among strangers. Her few clothes had been packed into a small trunk, and the stage was to call for her the following morning.

It was in early winter and the day had been cold and drear. As the sun went down the snow began to fall, and by the time the night had set in the storm was raging furiously.

"I shall be homesick and unhappy away from you, my dear mother," said Ellen, clinging to her parent's side.

"The storm has set heavily upon your spirits, my child," returned Mrs. Anderson. She arose and put more wood upon the fire and when the blaze leaped once more up the wide chimney she resumed her seat and for some minutes no further words were spoken.

Finally Ellen drew more closely to her mother's side, and taking both her hands she said:

"Mother, if I must leave in the morning, you must tell me the story which you promised I should hear before I went away."

Mrs. Anderson clasped her hands upon her bosom, and bowed her head till her face was hid in shadow.

"Dear mother, I do not mean to pain you; but O, I must know something of my father before I go out into the world. The doubts of uncertainty are more burdensome than a knowledge of the truth can possibly be. If he—even—was guilty of—"

"Hush, my child," and as the mother thus spoke, she put forth her hand and rested it upon her daughter's head. "I will tell you this story. If I knew your father was dead I would tell the grave hide the sad record; but I do not know it."

The storm was increasing in fury, and as the driven snow came piling about the windows, and the chill wind creeping through cracks and crannies, the mother and child drew nearer to the fire and shuddered as some giant blast hurled its hail of snow upon the quivering panes.

"O, Ellen, it was on such a night as this, thirteen years ago, The storm was riding in the heavens and the white snow was driving upon the earth! It was on such a night that your father left us!"

"Ellen, you are to go away to-morrow, and as we do not know what may happen beyond this I shall tell you all about your father. It won't be in many words, darling, and if it is dark you will find it might have been worse."

"Five and twenty years ago there was not another young man in all this section so generally liked for his social and generous qualities as was Thomas Anderson. He was the very picture of manly beauty, and a type of all that was devoted. When I became his wife I was carried by my friends; and I certainly felt proud and happy. For two years our life passed in joy and sunshine; and not a cloud rested upon us. A little cherub had come to bless us, whom we named Freddy; and I think Thomas held that little one in his heart as something heavenly and sacred. But the boy died and sorrow came upon us. My husband had always been free to drink wine when he pleased, though until now I had never seen him disguised in liquor."

"Freddy died in June and in September following Thomas was thrown out of work by the failure of the company who had employed him—not only thrown out of work, but he lost much money which he had invested in the concern. The long, cold win-

ter passed, and he had no work to do; and during that winter you were born. In the spring he had work again on a large mill which was being built in an adjoining town, and through the warm months he was steady at his work, though I could see that the habit of dram drinking was growing upon him. When the mill was done he was out of work again, and again through the long winter he was out of employment. He sank very low—very low! Summer came again and he worked some; but the evil habit was upon him so strong that he became wholly its slave. One night—just such a night as this—when the wind blew, and the driving snow filled and chilled the air—he came home sadly intoxicated. Rum had made your father crazy, and he swore because you were not in bed; and when you began to cry he snatched you from my arms! I started forward to grasp you from him and he struck me a blow that felled me to the floor. How long I remained I do not know. When I returned to consciousness I was upon my bed; you were upon my pillow by my side, and some of the neighbors were bending over me. The story was soon told. Our neighbors heard the cry of my child and came in, finding me upon the floor, with my husband bending over me, trying to revive me, while the babe lay on the hearth. Other help was called, and when it was known that I was out of danger, Thomas left the house. They told me, darling, that he bent over me and kissed me—kissed me twice—kissed me and groaned as though in pain and anguish, and then he went away—he went out into the storm, Ellen, out into just such a storm as this—thirteen years ago, and I have never seen him since."

"And you have never heard from him?"
"Never a word, my child."
"Don't cry so, mother."
"O, I cannot help it. Alas, my precious child, tears are my only solace when this subject occupies my mind."
"But you have forgiven him?"
"Forgiven him! how could I refrain! He kissed me when he went away! He was broken down and lost. He struck his wife, and dared not meet her again."
"Perhaps," whispered Ellen, "He died in the storm."

"I have thought it might be so, darling, but his body was never found. Hark! what was that?"
"I heard nothing, mother."

"There it is again! Did you not hear that?"
"It is the howling of the blast; you are frightened."

"No, no, Ellen, I am not frightened; but I may have been deceived. It is very odd."

"I would not put more wood on now, mother. Let us go to bed."

"Not yet, darling. I shall not sleep when this storm is howling. O—it was on just such a night as this. Hark! Did you hear that?"

"Yes," replied the daughter starting to her feet. "Somebody knocked at our door. And there it is again. Let me go."

Thus speaking, Ellen took the candle and went to the outer door; but when she opened it the furious blast swept in, bringing a cloud of snow and extinguishing the light. As she moved back, and brushing the snow from her eyes, some one came into the entry and closed the door, thus shutting out the storm.

"I am a stranger, lady," said a deep, gruff voice; "and I have lost my way in the storm."

"Come in, sir," she replied. "Come in where it is warm."

"If you can give me shelter for the night I will repay you well. I cannot go further in this storm," he said.

"Good sir," said Mrs. Anderson, moving a chair near the fire as she spoke, "you are freely welcome. My daughter will take your coat, sir; and when you are warm you shall have refreshments. Our pay will be in the knowledge that we have helped you. Are you ill?"

"No, no, madam, I am very much fatigued. I have had a hard battle with the storm."

"Can you tell me," he said, after he had warmed his hands, "if a woman named Anderson lives hereabouts?"

"My name is Anderson, sir."

"Mrs. Mary Anderson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! am I so near the object of my search? I have a message for Mary Anderson. I promised, months ago, when in a far distant land, that I would find her if I could, and that I would give her a message from—"

"From whom?" asked the hostess, trembling and holding her breath.

"I think," replied the stranger, again spreading his hands out towards the fire, "that he was once a friend of yours, as he has since been a friend of mine. Thomas Anderson's name was. Do you remember him?"

The woman bowed her head upon her folded hands, and as she seemed ready to sink, her daughter hastened to her side.

"No, no, Ellen, I am strong now. Go and sit down. The shock is past. He lives!"

A little while afterwards Mary Anderson raised her head, and spoke to the stranger again. As she had told her child the shock had passed, and she had gained control of herself.

"Thomas Anderson was my husband, sir."

"So he told me, ma'am."

"You said you have seen him. Where?"

"In a far-off land, where the noon day sun rides high in the heavens while it is midnight here."

"You said you had a message from him."
"Yes, lady."
"Give it to me. Oh, tell me what he said."

The stranger put his hands out again to the fire, and his frame quivered as though he were cold. In a few moments he said:

"Thomas Anderson told me his story—told it with tears running down his cheeks, and with many bitter sobs. He told me how he left his wife and infant child—how he had sunk from bad to worse, and how in a moment of madness, he struck his faithful companion to the floor. When he saw what he had done fear and remorse seized upon him, and when his neighbors had come in, and he saw his wife in better hands than his, he fled from his home. Shame and dread drove him on, and by the time the mad fire had gone out of his veins he found himself in a place where great ships came and went. He resolved that he would be a man again if he lived; but he dared not return to his home until he could carry with him some proof of his sincerity. He went in a ship bound for India, and he meant when he had grown strong, to write home cheering words to his wife. But it was not to be so. In the Indian Ocean the ship was cast away upon a strange island, and he with three others, the only ones saved of the crew, remained three years. Finally a Spanish trader picked them up, and once more they were cast upon the African coast, where two more years were spent. At that time Anderson was picked up by an English ship, bound for Australia. He landed in Melbourne, where he remained until I got ready to leave him. He has been a man—he has done well—and if he knew that his wife had forgiven him, and that she would let him come home; he would spend the rest of his life in trying to make some atonement for the past."

"O, sir," cried Mary Anderson, clasping her hands and weeping while she spoke, "you don't know how good and noble he was before he suffered! O, if he could know how I have loved him—how I have borne his image in my heart, forgiven always—he would not stay away."

"But lady, Thomas Anderson will come back to you no longer poor. In the sand he has gathered for himself much wealth. He has gathered a sum that might seem almost fabulous to the honest people of this place—gathered it not for himself—no, no; but for those whom he hoped to bless—for his wife and child."

"Come here rich, or come here poor—come here to give me succor, or come here to be nursed in weakness and want—if he only comes with the love he pledged me in the bright morning of our youth, I will take him to my bosom and bless him with a wife's true affection."

So spoke Mary Anderson; and as the words fell from her lips the strong man started to his feet with his arms outstretched. A moment he stood thus, swaying to and fro, and then, as though all his life and strength had left him he sank down upon his knees, and covering his face with his hands, he sobbed aloud:

"O, God! Thus upon my knees how often have I prayed for this!—my wife! my child!"

They were down by his side—their arms were about him—they called him husband and father—and the bright fire light shone upon their mingling tears.

In the morning the storm was passed and the sun came brightly up. Late in the forenoon the stage came along the road with strong, busy hands and dug through the drifted snow; but Ellen Anderson did not go away in it. And many suns arose, beaming warm and brightly upon the house of Mary Anderson; but the light and warmth from without was nothing to the light and warmth within.

The love of the earlier time had been renewed, and the noon day of life turned towards the evening with promise of joy made richer and more enduring by the stern trials of the dark years which ended in the winter storm.

A LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.—The train from Mobile to Jackson recently brought up a lot of oysters which was something never before seen by some darkies present, who began to examine them with great astonishment.

"What he mouf?" exclaimed one of the most inquisitive. "How un eat, eh? Golly! I tinks un nuffin' 'cept a bone. Yah! yah!" he continued, laughing at his own wit. "I spee some white man tink nigger a fool when he call dat ting ister."

Just then he discovered an oyster slightly open, and seizing it he eyed it closely. Not satisfied with this examination, he placed it to his nose; but no sooner was that organ inserted between the shells than they closed, when the darky howled with pain, and called out: "Pull out! pull out!"

But the more the oyster was pulled, the more it would not let go; and so poor Cuffee danced and yelled, his frantic efforts to rid himself of his uncomfortable nasal ornament, were both ludicrous and painful.

"Hit um with a stick," said a buxom woman; and in a moment the oyster was knocked right and left with a hearty will, but Cuffee's head went with it.

"Pinch he tail," cried a little nig, "and he sure let go."

But there was no tail to pinch, and Cuffee seemed doomed to wear the oyster forever. At this moment an "intelligent contraband" whipped out a knife, and it soon severed the oyster. Cuffee looked at the shells with amazement, and finding the oyster toothless, threw it away with the remark: "Um got no teef, but he gum it powerful!"

The Number Seven.

No one who reads the Scriptures can fail to notice the frequent occurrence of certain numbers; and in both the Old and New Testaments we find that unusual prominence is given to the number seven.

The Old Testament opens with the creation of the world, which is said to have occupied six days, and the seventh was devoted to repose; and among the Jews the seventh year is also consecrated to the rest of the year, and is called the sabbatical year, and the seven times seventh year is styled the year of jubilee.

It would be almost impossible to mention all the instances in which the number seven occurs in the Scriptures, but we will briefly notice a few of them, and perhaps some of our readers may be interested to search for themselves for a number which figures so conspicuously in the sacred writings, and to whose religious significance many scholarly minds have given much time and thought.

In the Old Testament we have the seven days of the week; we find also that in certain sacrifices the sprinkling of blood was repeated seven times; that a leprosy house was closed for seven days, and afterward sprinkled seven times; the consecration of the priests continued seven days; the feast of the tabernacle lasted seven days, and children were not circumcised until they had reached their seventh day. All are familiar with the story of Jacob, who served seven years each for Leah and Rachel. In Pharaoh's dreams, of which Joseph was the interpreter, the number of seven was applied to the kine and the ears of corn, signified the seven years of plenty and of famine that were to come upon the land of Egypt.

Seven years were required to conquer Canaan, and the temple was seven years in building. Naaman was commanded to wash seven times in Jordan. In compassing the city of Jericho, seven priests, bearing seven trumpets of rams' horns, proceeded the ark; they thus marched about the city seven days, and on the seventh day seven times.

As a magical charm, Samson was bound with seven green withes, and seven locks of his hair were woven with the web.

In the New Testament we have the seven baskets of fragments. In Matthew xviii, 21, 22, we read: "Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times?" "Jesus saith unto him, I say unto thee, until seventy times seven."

In the book of Revelation the number seven is used very frequently. There are seven churches of Asia, seven stars, seven golden candlesticks, seven spirits of God, the lamb with seven horns and seven eyes, the book with seven seals, seven angels with seven trumpets, seven thunders, seven vials with seven last plagues, the earthquake destroying seven thousand men, and the beast and the dragon having each seven heads. The witnesses prophesy in sackcloth the half of seven years, and lie unburied the half of seven years.

From sacred history we pass to profane; and adding a large number of examples, we will mention the seven ages, the seven champions, the seven hills, the seventh son of the seventh son, the seven sleepers, the seven wonders of the world, the seven stages of life (Shakespeare), and the seven wise men. In astronomy we have the seven stars called Pleiades, situated in the neck of the constellation Taurus. We read of the seven-fold shield of Ajax; of seven fold rage; and Milton says:

"Of every beast, and bird, and insect small, Came seven and pairs."

There is an ancient couplet, by Thomas Heywood, who lived in the seventeenth century, which runs thus:

"Seven cities walled for Homer, being dead,
Who, living, had no need to shield his head."

It has been frequently stated that seven is the number of hours that should be devoted to sleep. We remember a little couplet on this point which amused us in our childhood:

"Nature requires five, custom takes seven,
Laziness nine, and wickedness eleven."

Sir William Jones gives the safest counsel in regard to this matter:

"Seven hours to spare to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world's lot, and all to heaven."

Seven is often used to indicate a great number—as "seven times as many," "seven scores," and "double seven times;" and to refer to the Bible once more, we find in Proverbs this passage: "The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason."

Leaving the sober paths of sacred and profane history, we find that the number seven has also been popularly adopted in the field of wit and humor; however we will give but one example, and that is an ancient riddle:

"As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits,
How many were going to St. Ives?"

Wrapped in its selfishness and devoted to its pleasures, little does society know of the troubles which weigh down the spirits of its members—little does it know the many hearts which never feel a ray of sunshine, or of the gloom which thickens around some fair form until hands white and stiff obey the suicide's will. Yet amid the giddy throng, there is many a heavy heart, many a fainting spirit which has borne bravely up until now—and now despairs. Nearly all go unknown, unvisited, their sad story untold. But like straws upon the ocean in long time a few scraps of heart history will drift to us.

Out West, when a notoriously lazy man is caught at work, they say he is meddling with industry.

A POOR CURRENCY.

A correspondent of a New York paper, who has recently visited Hayti, writes as follows:

As I stepped ashore at Port-au-Prince, I met an orange girl, and asked her the price of her fruit per dozen. She replied, "forty dollars." I made up my mind that that unfortunate young woman had escaped from a lunatic asylum, and I noticed a wild look about her eyes as I passed on, without saying anything. But when a miserable, beggarly native took a message across the street for me, and demanded only \$400, I thought it time to remonstrate, and I refused to give the audacious swindler anything, expressing my opinion of him in English, which he didn't understand. But when I saw a hat marked \$2,000, a light began to dawn upon me. I held up a five dollar gold piece, and the shopkeeper took it, gave me the hat, and then showed out about a bushel of dirty "change." Then it was explained to me that the currency of the country is a paper money, so depreciated that 500 or 600 gourdes, or dollars, of it are equal only to one dollar in hard money. The island was flooded with it, and it has been so nearly worthless, at one time, that \$10,000 in paper was equivalent to \$1 in gold. After I had stuffed all my pockets and my hat with the change, I immediately paid the ill-used messenger his \$400 with a few hundred thrown in, for having called him names in a language he didn't understand.

ADVANTAGES OF PLAIN ATTIRE IN CHURCH.—1. It would lessen the burdens of many who find it hard to maintain their place in society.

2. It would lessen the forests of the temptations which often lead men to barter honor and honesty for display.

3. If there was less strife in dress at church, people in moderate circumstances would be more inclined to attend.

4. Universal moderation in dress at church would improve the worship by the removal of many wandering thoughts.

5. It would enable all classes of people to attend church better in unfavorable weather.

6. It would lessen on the part of the rich the temptation of vanity.

7. It would lessen, on the part of the poor, the temptation to be envious and malicious.

8. It would save valuable time on the Sabbath.

9. It would relieve our minds from a serious pressure, and thus enable us to do more for good enterprises.

ORIGIN OF THE CIGAR.—The first account we have of the cigar is in the works of Nacarat and Las Casas, and is quoted by Irving. In describing the first voyage of Columbus he says: "They held several of the natives going about with fire brands in their hands and certain dried herbs which they rolled up in a leaf, and lighting one end, put the other in their mouths, and continued inhaling and puffing out the smoke. A roll of this kind they called a tobacco, a name since transferred to the plant of which the rolls were made, though that is the name by which the cigar is to-day known in Cuba. Oviedo speaks of it (*Historia General de las Indias*) as among the evil customs of the Indians of Cuba, very pernicious and producing insensibility. Their mode of smoking was by inhalation through the nostrils by means of a hollow forked cane, the forked end being inserted in the nostrils, the other end applied to the burning leaves of the plant."

IGNORANT BOYS.—At an examination of the boys in the city of Rome, who applied for admission to the recently opened lyceum, most of the applicants, although they had studied for years at the old Papal schools, were found to be almost incredibly ignorant. A tall lad of eighteen was asked what geography was. He did not know it. "What is Sardinia?" "A river." "The Adriatic?" "A mountain." "Milan?" "Alican." Another was questioned about the history of Italy. He was utterly ignorant, and when the examining professor expressed some surprise at his lack of knowledge, he replied haughtily, "You must bear in mind, sir, that I am a Roman, and not an Italian!"

Tommy B., one night returned to his domicile in a state of uncertainty that was ridiculous. Pushing heavily against the door, it opened, and Tommy fell sprawling across the threshold. His prolonged and ineffectual efforts to regain an erect position aroused his wife, in bed in the next room, who said: "Tommy, is that you? What is the matter?" "Yes, it's me; nothing's the matter, 'cept this here bee's got too much honey on its wings to g-g-git into the hive."

Said an aged minister a few weeks ago: "Fellow sinners, if you were told that by going to the top of those stairs yonder (pointing to a rickety pair at one end of the church) you might secure your eternal salvation, I really believe hardly any of you would try it. But let any man proclaim that there was five hundred dollars up there for you, and I'll be bound there would be such a getting up stairs as you never did see."

I pressed her gentle form to me, and whispered in her ear, if, when I was far away, she'd drop for me a tear. I paused for cheering words, my throbbing heart to cool; and with her rosy lips she said, "Oh, like, you're such a fool!"

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad, an' if it's nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whisky was."

Business Directory.

A. W. WALTERS, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. May 12, 1871.

H. F. BIGLER & CO., Dealers in Hardware, and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-iron, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Mar 7, 70.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market Street. Nov. 10.

THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Oct. 27, 1869.

OWEN T. NOLAN, Attorney at Law, and Alderman, Office on Grove Street, opposite the Post Office, Lock Haven, Pa. Jan. 29, 70-y.

W. M. REED, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Fancy Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions, Embroideries, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c. Jan. 15, 70.

A. I. SHAW, Dealer in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Fancy Articles, etc., and Proprietor of Dr. Boyer's West Branch Bitters, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 15, 70.

F. B. READ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Kyrtown, Pa., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and surrounding country. Apr. 20-51.

B. MENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 24 street, one door south of Lanch's Hotel, Clearfield, Pa. Oct. 10.

TEST, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market Street. July 17, 1867.

THOMAS H. FORCEY, Dealer in Square and Round Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, &c., &c., Granham, Clearfield county, Pa. Oct. 10.

HARTSWICK & IRWIN, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 6, 1865.

C. KRATZER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions, &c., Second Street Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1865.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-work, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes order Coffins on short notice and attends funerals with a hearse. April 10-59.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Lard, &c. Room on Market Street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

J. LINGLOE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in Court House and Centre buildings. All business promptly attended to. Mar 15, 71.

WALLACE & FIELDING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in residence of W. A. Wallace. Legal business of all kinds attended with promptness and fidelity. Jan 5, 70-y.

H. W. SMITH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. Office on Second Street, near the Court House, National Bank and nearly opposite the Court House. June 30, '69.

FREDERICK LETTINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Order articles wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthen ware of his own manufacture. Jan. 1, 1863.

MANSON HOUSE, Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, near the Court House, is worthy the patronage of the public. It is supplied with the best in the market. The best of liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY, Proprietor. Dec. 4, 1869.

JOHN H. FULFORD, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market Street, opposite Hartwick & Irwin's Drug Store. Prompt attention given to the securing of Bonny claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 27, 1867.

W. L. CURLEY, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, &c., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Pa. Aug. 10th, 1863.

D. J. P. BURCHFIELD—Late Surgeon of the 33d Reg't Penn'a. Vols., having returned from the army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity. Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on South-East corner of 3d and Market Streets. Dec. 4, 1869—day.

SURVEYOR.—The undersigned offers his services to the public as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence in Lawton township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at Clearfield, Penn'a. March 6th, 1867—M. JAMES MITCHELL.

DR. W. C. MOORE, Office, (Drug Store) 12 West Fourth St., Williamsport, Pa. Special attention given to the treatment of all forms of Chronic and Constitutional Diseases. Consultation by letter with parties at a distance. Fee \$2.00 for first consultation—subsequent advice free. Mar 13, 71-5m.

JEFFERSON LITZ, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Having located at Ogosta, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtin Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. May 14, 70.

GEORGE C. KIRK, Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer, Luthersburg, Pa. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor or will do so to give him a call, as he flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed. Jan 7-70-y.

J. PHOTOGRAPHS, MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PENNA. Negatives made as clearly as well as in clear weather. Sentiment on hand a good assortment of Frames, Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views. Frames, from any style of moulding, made to order. CHROMOS A SPECIALTY. Dec. 2, 70-y. 11-2m.

BACON, Hams, Sides and Shoulders—introduced prices, at MOSSOP'S.

J. BLAKE WALTERS, REAL ESTATE BROKER, AND DEALER IN Saw Logs and Lumber, CLEARFIELD, PA.

Real estate bought and sold, titles examined, sales and conveyances prepared. Office in Masonic building, on Second Street—Room No. 1. Jan. 25, 71.

BOOTS! BOOTS! BOOTS! BOOTS!!! FRENCH KIP, \$5.00 FRENCH CALF, 5.00 LIGHT KIP, 5.00 at KRATZER & LYLES, Opposite the Jail. Sep. 21, 1870.

CANNED FRUIT.—Canned Peaches, Apples and canned corn, etc., for sale at the